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The Evening World Prints Asso-  
 ciated Press News.

## THE CHRISTMAS JUST OVER.

Another Christmas is over, but it is neither out of sight nor out of mind. Memories of such a day, upon which the whole busy world pauses for a time, that its people may feel and profit by a wonderful spirit of fraternity and good will, are not quickly nor easily banished from the heart and brain.

Although yesterday did not come with Christmas-like weather it brought good cheer in as great a measure as though the outward surroundings were in keeping with the calendar. The children and the "grown-up" people, who watched them in their joy, had reason again and again to thank the lucky stars that brought so great a benediction as Santa Claus and his day.

Great features of this Christmas of 1891 were the two enterprises in which THE EVENING WORLD is more than glad to have borne a directing hand. One was the Christmas Tree dispensation for the children of the city's poor. More than thirty thousand little ones benefited in this direction through the liberality of THE EVENING WORLD readers and friends, who swelled the Tree contributions to splendid proportions. Such lightness of heart as these children experienced in thus being remembered was almost enough, it would seem, to have offset the earth's gravitation and sent the sphere flying into jolly space.

Then there was THE EVENING WORLD dinner to newboys, at which six hundred youngsters were feasted and entertained to their heart's delight. Besides having plenty to eat, they were sung to by the womanly and sweet-voiced ALBANI. The story of their enjoyment is told elsewhere. It is hardly necessary to remark here that it was complete.

Was it not indeed a Merry Christmas for the more than thirty thousand and again for the six hundred?

## THE CRAB UP THE RIVER.

Another "tail-and" collision is added to the New York Central's list of casualties. It was in this sort of an accident that State Senator Wagner and others lost their lives a few years ago; it was the same sort which occurred at Croton Landing three weeks ago. And the number of similar happenings on this road is such that steps should have been taken long ago to remedy the fatal weakness of signal methods.

It is said now that the block signal system will be extended over the entire road. Why it was not done long before is something that the corporation can, perhaps, explain.

As for the trainman whose negligence was the direct cause of the Christmas Eve horror, his slip from duty is without excuse. It is weekly said that he expected a Croton local to come up the track before the express, and so thought he had time to step into the Hastings Station, as the local would stop there anyway. What he expected or thought is of no account. He should have stayed on post.

"I am in Brooklyn to hear all such cases and shall always grant stays, no matter what newspapers or District Attorneys may say." Such is Judge Pratt's response to District Attorney NICOLL's protest against the granting of stays in the cases of ABE COCKLEY, DR. McGONKAL, FANSHAW, MCCORMACK and BARKER. The people do not want to see a Judge easily swayed from convictions as to duty which teaches lessons to be sound. But they would like to see speedy justice meted out to convicted and once-again-tempted criminals in whose cases there is no apparent "reasonable doubt" as to the justness of the jury's findings.

Congress is asked to provide for the enlistment of competent men in the army who will be employed as teachers to the soldiers and will do no military service. School-rooms are already established in the garrisons and permanent camps, but there is a lack of instructors. The proposition to enlist teachers is a novel one, and the military status of such recruits will make a subject for extensive discussion.

The horror of the railroad disaster at Hastings brought lasting sorrow instead of Christmas joy to many households. The apprehensions of hundreds who knew or supposed that their relatives or friends were on the ill-fated train were relieved by the publication in THE EVENING WORLD of the only accurate list of casualties that was printed yesterday by any New York paper.

THE WORLD did another piece of splendid public service this morning in exploding the wild stories that war with Chili is imminent. Chili is to do justice in the Valparaiso case and no mobilization of the United States Navy in the ports of the South American Republic is dreamed of.

HAWTLEE, condemned murderer of his own brother, has died of apoplexy.

before his time for hanging in New Hampshire. While the gallows exists as an institution it can never be cheated of a worthier subject.

A man and his wife are under arrest on the charge of setting fire to a tenement-house in East Thirty-first street. Each says the other did it. In the presence of such mutual accusation the police are pretty sure of finding guilt.

Religious mania, due to recent conversion, has driven a Pittsburgh servant-girl to suicide. It is a queer sort of religion the first effect of which on one's life is to make one wish to die.

The grip is one of those things we would all like to see left out in the cold. The unseasonable warmth of this December propagates the disease.

Economy without parsimony will be the policy, it is said, of the new Congress. Then the new year will open well in National legislation.

Ten deaths from the grip yesterday made a gloomy Christmas in at least so many homes.

## THE CLEANER.

I heard the Jew Jew song, from "Faust," twice yesterday, and under entirely different conditions. The artist was Alban and Emma Kames, and both sang exquisitely. But the surroundings were so different. Mme. Kames sang from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-house. Her audience dazzled one with its flashing jewels and gorgeous raincoat. Some ever sang with greater feeling. Her heart was in the notes. Gounod would have rejoiced had he been present.

The lax divorce laws of South Dakota have been the means of bringing considerable money into that state from people who flock there to be freed of their matrimonial chains. The next thing we may expect to hear is that some other state has started an opposition divorce mill, and a peculiar branch of competition may thus be evolved.

R. M. Field partook of a sumptuous repast in Ludlow Street jail yesterday. Since his imprisonment he has refused food of any kind, but in honor of Christmas day he ate three raw oysters. Perhaps if he had witnessed the newboys' feast he might have scraped up a little appetite.

A young lady of the Gleaner's acquaintance received, among other Christmas presents, a handsome opal ring. Her superstition regarding the stone will not permit of her wearing it, and she is busily engaged thinking up polite lies to tell the giver to account for its absence on her finger.

Jose, James G. Blaine's valuable mastiff, celebrated Christmas day after a canine fashion. Having found a bone in a Washington street he successfully defended it against A. L. Barber's St. Bernard Daniel, who wanted that bone for his own dinner. The fight lasted about ten minutes, and Daniel retired badly whipped, while Jose carted off the bone of contention in triumph.

## "FAUST."

Gounod's music, wedded to Goethe's story, is a combination that is as pleasurable to-day as it was years ago. "Faust" will draw an audience when the more abstruse and technical works will fail to pay expenses. The opera was presented last night at the Metropolitan Opera-house, and a most creditable performance was given by the members of Mr. Abbey's excellent company. The grip removed but one member of the intended cast—Edmund de Reszke, and Sebastian took his place and singing to the accompaniment of Mme. Emma Kames made a delightful Marguerite. She began by looking the character, and ended by investing it with all the charms of her pure, highly cultivated voice. The Valentine of Marguerite was an admirable effort, sung throughout with vigor and artistic finish. Mme. Scailchi was the Siebel, and Scailchi couldn't appear at a disadvantage if she tried. Mme. Bauermeister appeared as Maria, and Vascetti interpreted the small part of Wagner.

## WORLDLINGS.

There are said to be 18,000 newspaper women in London, who have twenty-two press clubs and authors' societies among them.

In the London district occupied by the poorest of the poor there are eighty-one saloons, or houses as they are called there, to supply 11,000 persons—or one for every 135 persons. More than 800,000 a year is spent in drink by these 11,000 persons, and the cost of the drink is \$1,000,000.

A Vienna chemist has discovered a composition that will render fire-proof even such gaudy and insubstantial articles as ballet dancers' dresses.

The town of Dedham, Mass., was established in 1636, and a house built there that year is still occupied by descendants of the original owner.

Gold can be beaten into sheets that are only a 556,000th part of an inch thick.

## VACANT VERSES.

Two Points of View.  
 "I would not be a politician,"  
 He said, "for all the money."  
 It took him to the Brooklyn Bridge,  
 Now don't you think that's funny?  
 "I don't," he answered her, "because"  
 "This money was really money."  
 For twice that sum of money. —Park.

At the Dime Museum.  
 "My fortune is in the lot,"  
 The learned lady cried,  
 "You hideous elf,  
 I will not be your bride."  
 "You have me," moaned the skeleton,  
 "Oh, bony, let me die!"  
 "But, with death,  
 I shall be free!"  
 Could only cry. —Lillian Post.

## Contraries.

Time, who has the right of light,  
 The legend says,  
 "Go!" and "be away!" —Judy.

## Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling similar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season of life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

## The Nerves

seem stricken to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an efficient and made a cure in Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulation and tonic power, soon

## Cures Indigestion,

restores harmony to the system, gives strength of mind, nerves and body. Be sure to get

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

which in curative power is Peculiar to itself.

## CHRISTMAS JOY.

(Continued from First Page.)

knocking lady understood, and he went away patting her on the head.  
 Another child, a girl with a tiny, white, old face, got a doll that actually took her breath away.  
 She gave the great, deep, eloquent old man then pressed it to her throbbing little bosom and kissed it not once but twenty times, with her very warm lips.  
 A two-boy with an air, in a split, got a dancing clown with cap and bells, and the only word that escaped his lips was "Gosh!"

There was a little orchestra on the platform, and it played delightful music, but no one heard a note.

The gladness voiced by the children drowned every sound but its own sweetness. Many mistakes were made and corrected as soon as discovered.

For instance, Nanny got a big box that almost made her eyes pop out of their sockets. It was a Christmas stocking, and it was a child's cooking stove and a copy of "Jim Crow."

The discovery brought a storm of disappointment that chased away the sunshine from her face and heart.

"Don't you like it Nanny?" they asked her. "No," she said, sadly. "They are not like all I wanted. Mamma and me wash; she takes in the washing and I help, and I wanted Santa Claus to give her the mittens to wear when she hangs the clothes out and—and—I wanted the stockings."

She got the price of a pair of Balmors and the mittens were found.

She carefully uncovered the box, laid them across the cooking stove and dropped the money in between the leaves of "Jim Crow."

When she went away the sun was shining in her heart and the whole world was gay and glad. She had what she prayed and longed for.

Little Leah was there too—a bit of pensive beauty in ebony, not as tall as a chair. She came with old Mammy, who lived the whole history of the late war.

Leah was found in a corner—with a pink and yellow jack-in-a-box that she never could lose.

"Cause, cause, I'm afraid when it comes up," too sad even to cry. Her big, pathetic eyes were crossed in the vacancy of despair and her little heart was stone.

They brought her back to the circle of happiness. They stood her on the ivory white shelf of the orchestra rail and they asked Mrs. Ayer to look at her.

She looked at the shy little face, the fringe of black curls and the beseeching eyes, and then!

Well, she walked back to the tree and found something else with her hands, because she was too blind to see. But the something was a wonder—a little tennis net, all in a tangle with a doll, a white, woolly lamb, a small rooster and a Christmas bell tied up in the meshes.

It seemed an awful drain on even the immense mountains of dolls and horses, jumping jacks and jacks in the box, Noah's ark and animals on wheels, drums and hobby-horses, hoods and mittens and stockings, oranges and apples, popcorn and ginger cakes and candy.

And so it was all morning and late into the night. Every child received a box of candy, a big apple, a spurious cake, at least one good toy and a bag of popcorn, that took the ladies the whole blessed night before Christmas to turn out of the barrels into 3,000,000 paper sacks.

And then there were the mittens and stockings and socks.

Outside the scenes were equally interesting.

Beautiful boys came from the palatial flats in FIFTY-EIGHT and FIFTY-NINE streets and made bids ranging from a dime to a dollar for the toys in the invited guests' hands. No admissions were to be had. If Bishop Potter himself had come out from the "Granada" round the corner and asked to come in he would have been refused—perhaps switched off the premises by the vigilant committee.

The boys in corduroy and French calf knew this and that's why they did against one another for the privilege of buying a ticket.

Did they go in? You better believe they did, and they carried the gingerbread cake and the tin horns and the box of sweets home, because they were worth them, but he was some sweet mother or wise father wished them to learn the lesson gentle charity teaches all men.

The children fairly panned Music Hall on the outside. They sat upon the curbstone and sang every step with their treasures. They surrounded the building and their stream of Broadway tooting their trumpets, blowing their horns, loving and hugging their dolls and pet lambs and letting their clowns and jacks dance and jump in the air.

Hundreds of men and women about town who passed them on their way to dinner stopped to look at their merry antics, marvel at the source of it all, and wish that something like it could be projected into their troubled, selfish hearts.

It was a glad, sad Christmas Day—the gladdest, saddest I ever saw, and that's all there is about it.

—NELL NELSON.

## THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE TREE.

Six Thousand Youngsters Pass Beneath Its Loaded Branches.

The Grand Opera-house tree took root in the lobby yesterday morning, and was planted by Col. James F. Ward, who was in the height of his Wall Street prosperity.

Miss Margaret St. John, the good genius who presided over the festival, with but one assistance, was on hand at the close of the performance in the theatre Thursday night, and the two set up the splendid spruce from the forests of Maine, decked it and arranged the great boxes of gifts for 6,000 children who had been sent there.

It was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning when they had completed this preliminary work, but the fair priestess was on hand again at 5 o'clock, with a smile and a gentle word for each of the restless horde of children from the west-side tenement-houses who rushed in as soon as the iron gates were opened by the policemen who had been detailed to duty there.

It was a wonderful scene. No pen could do it justice. If the good people of New York would but visit one of these Christmas gatherings they would have their hearts warmed, and they would be better for it.

Never was such a happy, jostling, eager throng seen in the city. The children, full in keeping the youngsters from tramping on each other, but all went well.

Before 8 o'clock there was a scene of wild confusion at the Eighth avenue entrance of the big theatre that increased every moment until the gates were opened to the children.

There were little children who came with their bigger brothers and sisters, little fellows who came alone, and others still who came with their mothers and fathers.

Some of the mothers and fathers were clean-cut fellows and dirty little fellows who had made an effort to get clean, and others were some comfortably clad, and others with shoes that a tramp wouldn't wear, but all were happy and full of eager expectation.

When the big gates finally swung open, and the children were let in, the scene was a sight to see. The children were all dressed in their best, and the mothers and fathers were all dressed in their best.

There was a great deal of noise and confusion, but the children were all happy and full of eager expectation.

## JERSEY CITY CHILDREN.

Thousands Made Happy in the Handsome New Opera Hall.

Gregory street, Jersey City, in the neighborhood of Police Headquarters, was never before the scene of such a gathering of small boys, small girls and their mothers and fathers, beside babies, as was presented by the 1,500 of all sizes and complexions who crowded onto sidewalks and roadway of that thoroughfare yesterday.

This army of poor children had left their homes early to go to the Opera Hall, 48 Gregory street, to receive presents from the mammoth EVENING WORLD Christmas Tree.

They came from all parts of the city, and each it was estimated that the presents would not be distributed until 10:30 o'clock, the entire street in front of the hall was blocked before 9.

Within the new and handsome hall, the use of which was donated by the proprietor, Michael Mulvey, a dozen ladies and gentlemen were busily dressing a monster Christmas Tree.

Boxes of toys and candles of all descriptions were piled up on tables, and Mrs. George McAneny, wife of Deputy Treasurer McAneny, who was in charge of the tree, superintended the arrangement of the presents.

Those who assisted Mrs. McAneny were Mrs. Hudsphr Benson, mother of Senator Hudsphr, Mrs. M. A. Davies, Miss Davies, Mrs. Seale, Miss Phillips, Miss Cary, Miss Belloway and Deputy Treasurer McAneny, George McAneny, Jr., Postmaster Hewitt and Charles Scott.

The doors were thrown open precisely at 10:30, and about 1,800 children were admitted.

A box of candy and a toy of some description were given to each.

The distribution was a huge success, every girl and boy receiving a substantial token. It is estimated that nearly two thousand children received gifts.

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## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Black Tulle for Parisian Ball Dresses—Ancient Greek Earrings Copied for Modern Wear—Brooch Pins of Every Style for Bonnet Strings.

Black tulle brocade with Venetian bouquets are among the favored materials for Parisian ball gowns. White and silver with satin will be ventured for bridal gowns. South brocade of Louis XV. baskets of flowers, feathers, etc., on a plain de se ground makes a lovely wedding gown.

Fancy serving the preserves from a 50c silver dish! But blackberry jam from a silver bowl of Leeds ware tastes just the same.

Bells for fringing belt ribbons and garb bows are 50 cents for silver and double that for gold.

Roman earrings, reproduced from the Cesnola collection in the Metropolitan Art gallery, are frequently made to order for New York ladies who affect Greek house costumes. These ornaments cost \$14 to \$80.

The silk purse is almost as cheap as the proverbial sow's ear. Women who can afford them won't carry them. They are pretty, historic and all that, but a real nuisance. One needs to be antidoteous to get them when a coin is wanted in a hurry.

Ear screws, with tiny stones, are a drug in the market. Chosen from over a hundred designs can be had for \$1.

A pretty bangle spells the wearer's name on the top of the arm in previous seasons.

Antique snuffboxes and artistic toothbrushes are used on writing tables to hold pens.

There is no brooch, lace pin or miniature pendant too precious, too big or too unique to be worn in the bonnet strings. Even marriage and large solitary rings are being remounted and stuck under the ears in the velvet ties that are often the biggest part of an evening bonnet.

A white polka-dotted enamel bow flamed with gold is the most chic fastening imaginable for a watch.

Watches look like flowers, and may be planned on the bodice like a floral brooch.

The nearer we get to Midwinter the more lace is worn on felt and velvet bonnets.

A queer and rather graveyardly ornament somewhat used for bachelor apartments, is the white glove, made of thin plaster Paris and given to the bride by the groom.

The ladies who are my readers, because I know from experience their bachelor friends will be charmed on Christmas Day to receive a glove for their mantles.

Thick and black is a very stylish combination.

"NATURAL" BEESWAX.

Peculiar Substance Found on the Shores of an Oregon River.

At the mouth of the Nehalem River, on the coast of Oregon, a very queer substance is found, says an exchange.

It has the appearance of a mineral at first sight, but on close inspection and under practical test it appears to be pure beeswax.

It has all the useful properties of beeswax, and it is sold in Astoria at the regular market price of the beeswax.

It is washed ashore at high tide in quantities ranging from a lump the size of a walnut to a chunk weighing 150 pounds.

A piece of this strange substance has just been submitted for examination by a local physician, and is declared to be what is known as mineral wax.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE FUND.

"Evening World" Readers Responded Nobly to Charity's Call.

The glad day has come and gone and there is rejoicing in the homes of rich and poor alike. Perhaps more so in the latter as the children are reveling in the possession of gifts which to them are alike strange and welcome.

And from thousands of humble homes arises a fervent prayer of thanks to those who responded so nobly to THE EVENING WORLD's call for charity in their behalf.

Peoples, dimes and dollars came in a steady stream, and in another column will be found an account of the happiness which the waifs shared with the proceeds of the fund.

Truly, it was a Merry Christmas to all concerned—the giver and recipient alike.

The following additional subscriptions have been received.